# PEPPERELL SHEET

Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

VOL. V JUNE, 1930 NO. 2

THE "OLE SWIMMIN' HOLE" GETS A MIXING

# PEPPERELL SHEET

**Published Monthly by the Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company.**

**BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DIVISION**

WALTER WENTWORTH, Editor

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**The Pepperell Sheet has as a definite aim the promotion of good will and better acquaintance in the great Pepperell family.**


## A Little Boy

Author Unknown

Listen, son: I am saying this to you, as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

This picture of Mr. W. B. Cox of the designing room was taken in Holyoke, Mass., on a sunny July day of 1919. The cigar which he was smoking at that time did NOT come from the Barbadoes!

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Good-bye, Daddy!" and I frowned, and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back!"

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful. Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door.

"What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible, sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

What had habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding--all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good-night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt here, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement, I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession.

And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying, as if it were a ritual: "He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much!

Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and the damp forehead, and the yellow curls; and if it were not for waking you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my breast.

Tears came, and heartache, and remorse, and—I think—a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!

## For Visiting Representatives

A very attractive little booklet has been placed on the table in the vestibule of the general office. We thought our readers would be glad to read it. It is intended for the representatives of different firms who do business with Pepperell.

It reads as follows:

The Pepperell Manufacturing Company invites you to make yourself pleasantly comfortable while awaiting an interview. We shall make every effort to conserve your time and put you in touch with the member of our organization who handles such matters as you wish to discuss. In some instances, as you realize, it is not possible to obtain an interview immediately, and it may be that occasionally the visit will be postponed. If the delay appears to be inordinately long you will be told so, in order that you may return later if you have other engagements to meet in the meantime.

There are copies of various printed pieces issued by the Pepperell Manufacturing Company on the table. You will be interested to read these, for they give you a closer picture of Pepperell products and activities, and possibly of the relation of the services you have to offer.

In the course of the interview, if it should happen that we are not able at present to employ the articles or services that you submit, keep in mind that conditions are constantly changing and that sometime in the future we may be in the market for your offerings. Make the interview as brief and pointed as possible, for this will enable you to work more quickly, and also permit us to see more representatives with the least possible delay.

You will be interested to know that Pepperell makes over 500 different kinds of fabrics. These range from the Lady Pepperell sheets and pillow cases that are so well known, to part-wool blankets, twills, chambrays, drills, jeans, khakis, and similar products. Many of the best grade work clothes such as overalls, shirts, and work coats, are produced from Pepperell denims,

These girls are the Murphy sisters. They will certainly be surprised when they see this picture!

chambrays, vat dyed jeans and twills. Pepperell jeans are used very widely in making athletic shorts that are so popular at present. Pepperell broadcloth is employed by many manufacturers in well-tailored broadcloth shirts. Pepperell sheeting appears in the form of mattress covers, ironing board covers, and Candlewick bedspreads.

On the table you will see a book titled "Personality Bedrooms." This has been asked for by more than 75,000 women throughout the country, in answer to Lady Pepperell's radio broadcasts each week, and advertisements in the leading women's magazines. This book presents very concisely and attractively the correct application of color to the bedroom. If you have in mind any woman whom you think would be interested in this book, we invite you to help yourself from the supply on the table. Any of the other folders are of course interesting to housewives.

If at any time you would like to make a visit through any of the Pepperell mills we invite you to mention this, for we shall be very glad to show you how the many Pepperell fabrics are made. You are of course at liberty to invite your friends to make this trip with you.

At the information desk there are time tables, road maps, and telephone directories available for your use. Of course, if you have any other things in mind that you would like to ask, the person at the Information desk will appreciate the opportunity of helping you.

On the following pages of this booklet you will see a general classification of the fabrics made by the Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

Pepperell makes many different kinds of Cotton Cloth

Among the leaders are the following:

Pepperell,
Lady Pepperell,
Pepperell Fine Count
  Sheets, Pillow Cases, Sheeting.
Pepperell Colored
  and Colored Hem Sheets and Pillow Cases.
Lady Pepperell Colored
  and Colored Hem Sheets and Pillow Cases.
Lady Pepperell Jacquard
  Colored Hem Sheets and Pillow Cases.

Get acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Johnson and baby. Ted is a famous yodeler.

## This Month's Cover

An interesting picture of real summer sport. The little chap in the middle seems to be getting a ducking. All of the boys in the cover picture enjoyed a trip to Kennebunk Pond for a good old-fashioned Saturday afternoon swim. The cottage in the background is a portion of Clark's Camps at this popular recreation spot.

The same boys in the cover picture are here shown as they made a water pyramid. To start at the top we find little Real Boucher, whose mother is employed in Mr. Clappison's department. In the second row, and at the left, is Romeo Grenier, who has two sisters and a brother-in-law in the employ of Pepperell. At the right is Paul Neault, whose mother works in 53-B Weaving. Then in the bottom row, left to right, are Armand Belanger, Arthur Loranger and Fernand Neault. Armand's mother works in carding for Mr. Roberts, and, believe it or not, Arthur Guerin of the office force is his uncle. Arthur Loranger's brother, Donat, works in spinning for C. McCarthy. Fernand is a brother to Paul Neault.

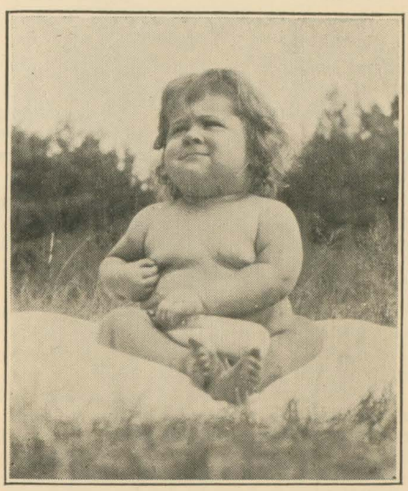
We don't think that many folks have seen a camera man wade out into the water up to his waist, with camera, tripod, plates and all, to take a picture. Mr. Daigneault, the Washington Street photographer, doesn't let a little thing like a pond full of water stop him from getting his scene. And, if you had been there, you would have had the pleasure of seeing a photographer in the midst of a tailspin!

Baby Pepperell
  Crib Sheets and Pillow Cases.
Baby Pepperell
  Crib Blankets.
Drills
  for overalls, work uniforms, work pants, pocket linings, coveralls, shoe linings, tents, etc.
Drills
  for export to India and other countries where they are used for boat sails, clothing and other purposes.
Denims
  for overalls and other work clothing.
Chambrays
  for house dresses, maid's uniforms, children's play suits, middy blouses, work shirts, jumpers, pants, nurses' uniforms.
Jeans
  for nurses' uniforms, middy blouses, running pants, men's drawers, pocket linings, rubberizing raincoats, gym trunks.
Flannels
  for work gloves and mittens, shoe rags, polishing cloths, padding, sport uniforms.
Pepperell Peggy Cloth
  for children's wash suits.
Twills
  for work clothing and rubberizing purposes.
Sateens
  for women's underclothes, work shirts, linings and bindings.
Coutils
  for corsets, brassieres and pocketings.
Khakis
  for work and sport clothing.

## The Quiet Ones

Sam did not star on his college team,
  But a steady chap was he,
He kept his place and he played his game,
  As firm as a rock could be.
The brilliant back got the noisy praise,
  Forgot the quiet Sam.
But he never failed to make a gain,
  He went thro' like a battering ram.
And after his college days were o'er
  'Twas just the same in his job;
His work was done without fuss or fret,
  Or cheers from the fickle mob;
And always they sent for this quiet chap
  When they found themselves in a jam;
"We're stumped," they said; "we've tried and failed;
  We'll turn it over to Sam."
The loud-voiced ones have their place, perhaps.
  Tho' this I sometimes doubt,
I've often found that they're one part deed,
  And nine parts noise and shout.
I place my faith on the modest ones,
  Without pretense or sham;
Don't talk to me of your Blustering Ben,
  I'll rely on Silent Sam!

—William T. Card in the Walk-Over Shoe Print.



Well, who woulda' thunk it! Raynold weighed almost 35 pounds when he was a year and a half old. He is the son of Joseph Dumont of the Dye House.

# HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

A GOOD PICTURE OF THE DYE HOUSE

This is how the raw stock, beam, and package dye room at the mill looks with a full head of steam on. The capacity of this department is very large and thousands of pounds of dyed cotton and yarn are turned out daily. Additional equipment is now being installed.

## CLOTH ROOM 19

By PEARL MURPHY.

Work for the night is coming, girls,
Work for the night is coming—
Pick out your slugs or you'll get the deuce,
Be sure and use plenty of the old bug juice.

We know it means hard work and toil
But you're out of a job if you don't get that oil,
Soak it and splash it every day we are told—
Or when it gets to Lewiston it won't be sold.

Simmone Girouard prefers red hair to any other color. Wonder why?

We understand that Pom King is going in training for the heavyweight championship. Pom insists that he could show these fighters a few points.

So far there have been no June weddings in this department. Dan Cupid must be sleeping, but we understand that Clara Coutu will become a bride the end of the month.

Mrs. Hooper doesn't mind solving puzzles but when pillow tubing has something like six ends and she tries to find the right one she gives up entirely!

An old Scotchman had a peculiar habit of holding his nose whenever he took a glass of whiskey. When asked why he did this he replied: "Mon, if I smell it, it mak's ma mouth water, and I dinna want to dilute ma drinks wi onything."

"Rasmus, why you all look so pow'ful sad?"

"I done left my door open las' night, and all ma chickens have done gone off home!"

## BLANKET WEAVING

By M. ANGE VAILLANCOURT

Eugene Theriaux is the proud father of a big baby boy, born a few weeks ago. How does it feel to be a daddy, Theriaux?

Rosaire Perreault must be a very tall man to tell Irene Thurcotte to stand up. Why not wear your spiked heels, Irene, and let him know that you are as tall as he can ever be?

Believe it or not, but Adelard Valliere cut his finger on Saturday at noon and didn't start bleeding until Monday afternoon!

Bourque has been hanging around Cabana's work lately. Wonder if he has his eye on Cabana or Antoinette Tardif—

We now have with us two of the greatest entertainers of the world, Rodolf Vaselino and Woodee Walley. All we want now is a Mary Pickford and a Charlie Chaplin.

WE ASK YOU: What good is the moonlight and a beautiful June night when Rosaire Perreault is not here? Or the sunshine and flowers so rare if we cannot have Andre Paquette's kisses to share? Or the birds and their sweet melodies if we cannot hear the lilting voices of Hervey Paquet and Donald McCone? Or a park or a movie if Ernest Pinette is not here? We ask you!

## COTTON HOUSE

By EDWARD CHARBONNEAU

Hughie McGarity has returned to work after being absent three weeks on account of illness.

Frank Martell was a recent visitor in Boston and New Bedford. Babe was very much interested in the subways in Boston.

Dan Dinan has returned home after entering the Trull hospital for an operation.

George: "You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I long to take you in my arms, to kiss your eyes, your hair and your lips, to whisper in your ears that I love you."

Mary: "I guess it can be arranged."

Johnny Sullivan has bought a new dog and is trying to give him a name. Come on, gang, and give him a hand.

Orren Mayo sure likes his turkey dinners. And how.

The boys are congratulating George on his perfect haircut. They are now wondering who the perfect barber is.

Johnny Sullivan was sexton at St. Mary's church the first week of June during the sickness of his brother.

George Lemay is going to compete in the high diving contest this summer. You can see him practicing at the Bradbury Bridge any Saturday afternoon.

Eddie recently was best man at a wedding, and he says that when he gives a ring to a girl it will be by telephone.

Jimmy Malloy always carries an extra fishing line when he goes into the woods, and ties one end to the car and the other to a tree by the brook. He got lost once.

## CARDING 11-3

It seems good to see A. Berube back with us again.

John Farley and Fannie have "It," but it doesn't do them any good.

We think that Fred might have let Bill go to the beach in the rumble seat.

We wonder if Emma is afraid of losing her hubby?

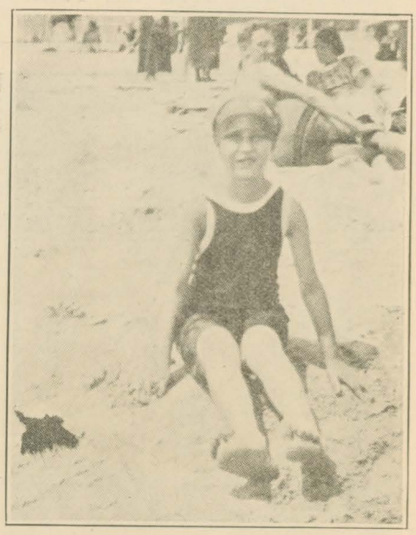
Has A. Tetrault started dancing in order to reduce?

Would advise G. Paquette to keep away from the girls if he doesn't want to hear the wedding bells. He has charming ways.

Any one would think that Leona would see enough of her boy friend every evening in the week, without a Sunday call lasting from 6.00 A. M. until 12 Midnight.

We saw Rena Bouthot in the rumble seat of a classy buggy down at Pine Point.

Dave Adams spent a very exciting evening down at Old Orchard in the Usen Arcade recently. Dave was strolling along and suddenly came upon the bathing beau-



Now who would ever recognize little Helen of the Blanket department. We don't know how old she was when the picture was taken. Can any one help us out?

ties that you can dump into the water by putting a baseball through a canvas some forty feet away. Four of five of the fellows had been hammering away for some little time with no luck, and the young lady was getting all goose pimples from sitting on the anxious seat. Finally, in desperation, Dave stepped into the breach and said to the fellow throwing the ballyhoo, "Donnez moi trois de ces balles et je vous montrerai comment de faire tombe ce gros cochon dous l'eau." Calling upon all of the old-time skill as a pitcher in the bush league, Dave planked the first pitch straight through the canvas!

## SPINNING 18-5

By Marie A. Houde.

Lucia Landry was recently called to Canada on account of the death of a relative.

"Baby" wouldn't give us a picture for the Sheet. He's afraid the girls will rush him too much. Don't be afraid, Ralph!

M. D. was so glad to see her boy friend that she smashed her thumb. Please be careful, M. D.!

Mina was seen riding in a classy car on a recent Sunday. Who's the boy friend, Mina?

We welcome all of the new comers to this department. We want them to feel at home and will be glad to help them get a line on their work.

We are really afraid that Eva C. is overdoing on the week ends. Those Monday mornings are tough ones!

Any of the girls who want a real Suntan should just come downstairs at noontime!

And if you want to get the services of an expert hair-dresser just get in touch with Marie Ann Drapeau. She knows her business, girl—studied it in Montreal!

Ted Minger is the proud owner of a new coupe. He has painted it grey and black and we are anxious to see who will be honored with the first ride.

## BLANKET WEAVING

Looking around the room we see:
Emile Boisvert carrying filling,—
A. Boutet emptying cans,
Leo Gobeil cleaning bobbins,
G. Bouffard waiting for the elevator.
J. Boutet has just seen McComb with a custard pie, and shouts,
"Where is the lunch cart?"
M. Goudreau smiles at Bourque, and
Paquette takes a look out of the window.
Tardif looks as though he was "hooked"—
In a corner we see R. Sevigny talking to Annette,

This picture was taken 12 years ago. Some of them are working in 11-3 today. They are J. Goulett, V. Baillargeon, R. Jalbert, A. Goulett, Rose Fournier, A. Tetreault, and the cute little baby is Leona Jalbert.

This cute little girl is Patricia Daley, daughter of Pat Daley of Carding 11-3.

In another we see J. Boutet doing the famous act from the Stein Song,
And Simonne's face just turned red when someone yelled for "Pitou."
G. P. just placed a dollar bet on Sharkey,
D. McC. placed another on "Smelling,"
H. Paquette makes a confession of his love for the ladies, and Mrs. Gosselin gets the reporter's promise that her name will not appear in the Sheet.

We are very sorry for Eddie. The other day a chap in a bigger and better automobile just pushed Eddie out of his way. Eddie lost a mudguard during the operation.

Ask Gerald Gobeil how many times he fell down while learning to roller skate.

We all extend congratulations to Tardif on his marriage. We wish him many happy years of married life.

Elize Lemelin was married on Monday, the 16th, and we extend best wishes to her. She will spend her honey moon in Canada.

## WEAVING 53-B, 73-C, 83-A

By ALDEC BELANGER.

Babe Lemieux, the little flyweight of Room 73 took a trip to St. Stevens recently to fulfill an engagement on a boxing card. Babe won a decision from his opponent in a fast bout.

If you hear anything musical at the other end of the room do not be alarmed for it is only Marcel G. humming "Springtime in the Rockies."

We heard the wedding bells recently for one of our battery girls. It was Jeannette Tardif, and we wish her the best of luck and happiness.

Aldee B.—"Where do all the little bugs go in the winter?"

Pat—"Search me!"

Peanut claims that the man who named it "near beer" was a poor judge of distance.

If you wish to have more jokes and news in this column why not help the editor of the column. He will be glad to receive news items and pictures that will make it more interesting. Let's get busy for the next issue.

## OFFICE NOTES

Dora has been taking lessons in driving a car and reports that she will be able to drive the Essex coupe very soon.

There is a mysterious affair going on between a member of the payroll department and one of the members of the accounting room. We hope to be able to clear it up in the next issue of the Sheet.

Arthur has sent Sullie a towel with a design of fleas on it in return for the one sent to him with the Hippo last month.

Prescott claims that he has the largest amount of accessories for his car that it is possible for a car to carry.

### New Entrance

A new entrance to the Blanket Cloth Room is well under way and will prove an attractive addition to the building.

In consideration of the many summer visitors who inspect this department, it was thought best to do this work. When completed, the Sheet will publish a picture of the new entrance.

### Free Advertising

Note: A free advertising service is available for all employees of Pepperell.

Advertisements should carry the street address or 'phone number, your name and the room in which you work. Your name will not be published undess requested.

Get a set of fun cards! They fit all occasions, fill all requirements. For example:

### Acquaintance Card

May I have the pleasure of
escorting you home?
If not: Can I sit on the
fence and watch you go by?
Ask George Dionne for a demonstration.
27½ Green Street, Biddeford.

Boss: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are fired,' and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."

Let us make everyone at Pepperell acquainted with Stella Hayes of the Blanket Department.

A very brilliant wedding took place at St. Andres Church on Thursday morning, June 5, when Miss Blanche Grenier became the bride of Edgar Lariviere. As Miss Grenier belonged to the Sisters of Mary the wedding took place in the Sanctuary. A reception was held at the home of the groom, following the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lariviere are both popular Pepperell employees with a very large acquaintance.

In the first row we find Miss Irene Grenier, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lariviere and Miss Laurier Grenier.

Second row: Leo Lariviere, Blanche Chretien, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Pelletier, Corona Lariviere, and Alcide Viens of Lynn, Mass.

## SPINNING DEPT.

Marie Leveque says Saturday is always her big day. She has company from Portland on that day. We would like to meet him, Marie.

Mrs. Rhea Chamish, formerly of 84-A, gave birth to a bouncing son June 19. Her sister, Mrs. Fredora Boucher, of Room 55-A, took care of her during her confinement.

Harry Cavanaugh of the lunch department, with his wife and son, Harry Jr., Miss Gladys Hamel, chief telephone operator; her mother, Mrs. Eliza Hamel, of Mason street, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Truduwus of New York are occupying a cottage on Atlantic avenue, Old Orchard Beach, for the summer.

John Burnham, the Five Points farmer and expert setting-up machine man in the Pepperell, is the first to arrive in town with red beans from his garden. We are now waiting for Patrick Murphy, also a setting-up machinery man, who has a garden at his upper Main street home, and he says he will eclipse any garden in the New England states. This will be broadcasted from station P. M. G. and like the Jack Burnham station, has the same wave length.

Fred Delorge of the setting-up crew is to join Jimmy Henchey on his sight-seeing from the third floor of his home. A real comfortable chair has already been engaged by Fred.

Patrick Murphy, wife and children, Theresa and David, are occupying the Annabel Cleary cottage at Old Orchard Beach for the summer.

Lauriot Dery has his auto out for the summer and has been enjoying trips to the beaches with his wife and six children. Mr. Dery is a real family man and always happy when he has his family with him.

Celnaire Trembley, who has been in the employment of the Pepperell for fifteen years, most of the time in Room 55-B Spinning, has finished her duties. We wish you back again, Celnaire.

Emile Perreault, second hand in Room 84-A, is once more on duty at his old position after being confined to his home with illness for a month or more. Emile looks as good as ever.

George Conlon, well known as a setting-up machinery man for the Saco-Lowell, and who has worked in many of the textile mills in the New England states and in the South, is now working with us, erecting frames. Mr. Conlon will also be remembered as manager of the old Bowl-Away bowling alleys in Masonic building on Main street.

Jere Buckley has a new route to his work. Jere's friends kind of miss him. They don't know whether it is shorter or just a change that he wanted from his regulation route.

Mrs. Henere, wife of Oliver Henere, is seriously ill at her home on Elm street. They have seven small children.

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The mill foreman came upon two darkies walking slowly up the road, single file.

"Say, you, why ain't you worthless niggers working?"

"We'se working, boss, sho' nuff. We'se carrying this plank up to the mill."

"What plank? I don't see any plank."

"Well, fo' de lawd's sake, Abe! Ef we ain't gone an' forgot de plank!"

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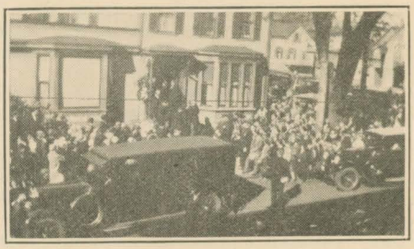
And then there's the Scotchman who married a rosy cheeked girl because he wouldn't have to buy her any rouge.

## Dr. George C. Precourt

The recent death of Dr. George C. Precourt of this city caused profound sorrow throughout the plant.

Pepperell folks knew Dr. Precourt as mayor of this city, as a practicing physician with a large clientele among our own workers, and as a man of vision and integrity. Many of them remember him as a friend in need who never hesitated to leave



his bed in the dead of winter to assist and bring comfort into the home of sickness.

While Mayor he was ever willing to do all possible in promoting the welfare work of our Social and Athletic Club in benefits and charity drives intended to alleviate suffering and bring joy into the homes of those among us who were less fortunate than ourselves.

To Mrs. Precourt we extend our sympathy. She, too, has worked with her husband in his work, and Pepperell folks want

her to know that all which has been done for all of us is appreciated.

The pictures shown here were taken on the day of the funeral. Out of respect to the memory of the Doctor the mills were closed while the last rites of the Church were performed.

## William Patterson

All members of the yard department, and many others throughout the plant were greatly saddened to learn of the sudden death of William Patterson. Mr. Patterson was stricken with heart failure while at his work in the yard of Plant B.

He was a faithful worker of the old school, and was in the employ of the York Manufacturing Company for many years previous to the time he assumed his duties at Pepperell.

## Sympathy Extended

The employees of No. 2 mill extend their sympathy to Mr. William Ross, overseer of carding, in the death of his sister, Mrs. Cynthia Ross Gilpatric.

## A Chinese Puzzle

Jack Burnham says it is just as near to Portland one way as it is to go the other. He says he well knows that some of the Pepperell mathematicians "want to be shown," and he is ready to make appointments any week day evening. His office hours are from 7 to 9. No fees are charged.

# LOCAL SPORTING NEWS

KERWIN TWOMEY.

This capable looking young man is Ralph Maurice, son of Mr. and Mrs. Omer Maurice. Ralph was five years old when the picture was taken. He is the nephew of Eva Cunningham, who works in Spinning 18-5.

## Pepperell Ready for Opening of Local Ball League

Baseball fans in Biddeford, Saco and vicinity are mighty well pleased with the announcement that we are to have a league in this city this summer and will be a revival of the old Manufacturers League, which many local fans well remember as one succcessful baseball series financially and in the line of interesting games. The new league is the result of good work on the part of "Pete" Hamel, the live wire president of the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club, who is ever ready to do his part and a little more when it comes to putting clean sports over the top.

The Pepperell mills, as usual, are on the spot ready to start the ball a-rolling and the indications are that they will be represented by a swell combination of ball players. Frank Matley, overseer of carding, and widely know as a star ball player and athlete, will manage the Pepperell outfit and will have an able assistant in Johnny Morin of the production department, and a former Biddeford high athlete.

Saco-Lowell will be represented in the new league and Hugh Carson, a former Pepperell employee, will be at the helm of the machinists' team. Hugh is all to the good in athletics and he no doubt will come pretty near putting on a classy aggregation.

Squando Tribe of Red Men, the first organization of the order in Maine, is also slated to enter the league, with Antoine Petit, prominent in the society, and city tax collector, as manager. The Red Men have a large membership, which includes some fine ball players. Manager Petit says the Red Men never tackle anything by halves. They are out to win the pennant and the prize that goes with it.

It is hoped to organize the fourth team in Saco, which will make the league all the more interesting for the Saco fans. This is just what the management of the league wants. They want to broaden out so that not only Biddeford and Saco will be interested, but take in Old Orchard and if possible get the men working in the shoeshop at Kennebunk interested and put on a team. "The more the merrier," said Manager Hamel. Fans from far and near will be welcomed to the games and patronage is just what is needed to pay expenses and put a little on the side to be divided between the players at the end of the season.

Arrangements have been made to play the games at the new grounds of Biddeford high at the corner of West and Prospect streets. They will be on Saturday afternoons as far as possible. The idea is to give prizes to the winners and make the race for first place one long to be remembered by the fans.

Everybody get behind the management and boost the new league and help make it a success.

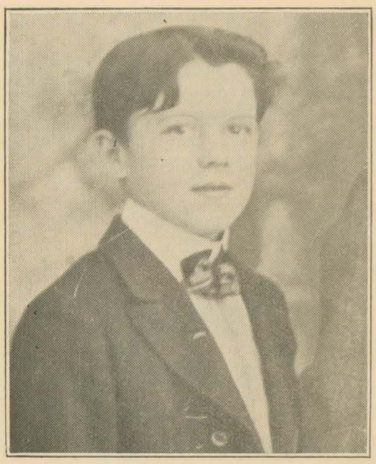
## A Swell Opener

Here is a suggestion for an opening game of the new Manufacturers League that ought to draw well: Pick a team of the old Manufacturers League and put them up against a team of players that have made their names in baseball the last few years. In selecting these teams we suggest Jimmy Hickey for the "Colts" team for the reason that he is just as good today as he was ten years ago.

Here are the teams we suggest.

| Old Timers | Colts |
|---|---|
| L. Hackett, c. | Binette, c. |
| Jim Finn, p. | Emery, p. |
| F. Matley, 1b. | J. Hickey, 1b. |
| E. Callahan, 2b. | Marchand, 2b. |
| B. Simard, 3b. | S. Kelley, 3b. |
| Duquette, ss. | Callahan, ss. |
| B. Sweetser, rf. | Bonneau, lf. |
| X. Fortier, cf. | Callahan, cf. |
| D. Driscoll, lf. | J. Morin, rf. |

This good-looking young man works in Carding 11-3. Can you furnish his name,



Introducing the new Inspector of Buildings of the City of Biddeford. How he looked at the tender age of 14 years. He is a loom fixer in 53-B, and is also a carpenter. Thomas Lessard has a lot of friends at Pepperell, and says that as a carpenter he can do big jobs and small jobs, but that he has never built a house less than one story high.

## Sport Slants

Baseball is the big kick in Denny Driscoll's life. If Denny could only get Busy Simard out to bunt a few or let him lift a few over the fence it would be better than attending the theatre.

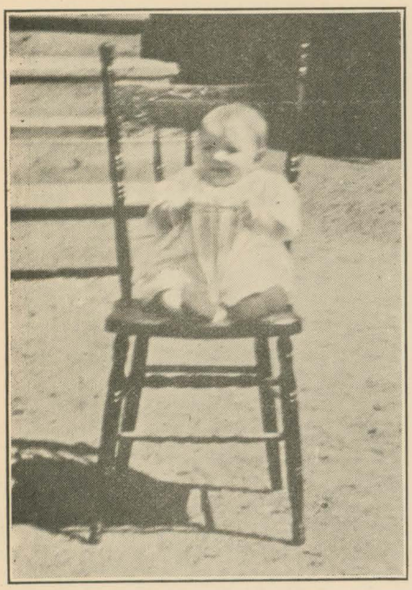
Lawrence Hackett, who is employed in the electrical crew of the Pepperell, is a great shouter for a Pepperell baseball team and offers his services. Lawrence is well remembered as a ball player while at Biddeford high school. He also played with the Saco-Lowell team in the Manufacturers league and was good.

We are pleased to hear from our old-time friend, "Cannon Ball" Joe Vachon, and especially when he pitched that no-hit, no-run game at Buxton recently. Joe, who is a former Pepperell ball player, was at his best when he pitched that great game and when he is, he is generally poison to any team. He was slated for a regular berth with the Lewiston team in the New England league if they had remained in the league. As it is, he may yet land on a league team, as there is a big demand for good pitchers. It is not generally known that Joe has joined the benedicts. For the benefit of his many Pepperell friends we wish to state that he has been married since last fall. He is in prime condition and tips the scales at 190 pounds. Best wishes, Joe.

President Amede Hamel is entitled to lots of praise for the progress, so far, in launching the Manufacturers league. Mr. Hamel is the right kind of a man at the head of any live wire organization. He is a great worker and never lets up until he succeeds. If we are not mistaken he was a big factor in organizing and getting the old Manufacturers league a-going.

## Two Capable Men

The selection of Frank Matley as manager of the Pepperell team in the Manufacturers league and Johnny Morin as assistant, meets with the hearty approval of all. Two more capable young men could not be picked. Both are well-known athletes and always give their best to please the fans.



This picture of Reta Tetreault was taken five years ago. Reta is quite a girl now. She is the daughter of A. Tetreault of Carding 11-3.

They will give Pepperell a team which will be a credit to the corporation which is just what we want. Mr. Matley is a graduate of Thornton academy and while at this well-known school, featured in baseball, football and basketball. His records in these sports have never been eclipsed at the academy, and that is saying a lot, for Thornton has developed some swell athletes. He was also a member of the champion basketball outfit that represented the local order of Hibernians. He was catcher for the York Mills team in the old Manufacturers league and after leaving Saco, played with some fast teams in Massachusetts.

Johnny Morin graduated from Biddeford high two years ago, and while at school he was one of the leading baseball players. In football he proved beyond argument that he was the classiest ever to represent Biddeford high. His work as end stamped him as an All-Maine team member the four years he matriculated at Biddeford high school. Football experts who saw Johnny play with B. H. S. did not hesitate to say he had all the ear marks of a swell player and predicted he would make a big name for himself if he went to college and played football. But Johnny likes the mill business and he wants Pepperell to be represented by the best baseball team ever.

## Chemistry in the Home

The following very interesting address was delivered by Professor Timothy J. O'Connor, chemist, who is employed in the Dyeing Department of the mill, at a recent meeting of the Biddeford and Saco Rotary Club:

The historians, who write of man's development, speak of the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age, and other ages, meaning by such distinctions the successive periods of human development that have been characterized by the use of these materials. A quite fitting term to apply to the period in which we are now living, would be the Chemical Age. Many pages could be written to illustrate how far-reaching and how marvelous have been the modern advances in chemical science and their applications. But all this has taken place so quietly that the average individual does not appreciate the part these new discoveries are playing, nor can we estimate with any degree of accuracy the still greater part they are to play in the future.

It is, therefore, a duty and a privilege for us, as chemists, to reveal from time to time our major accomplishments and their meaning, which will be understandable to those who have not had the opportunity to study chemistry. It is next to impossible for the layman to form any proper concept of how far the results of chemical science are of influence in his daily life.

Often to the popular mind a man of science is a callous necromancer who has cut himself off from communion with his fellows, and has thereby, lost the throbbing and compassionate heart of full life; he is a Faust, who has not yet made a bargain with Mephistopheles, and is, therefore, devoid human interest. Scientific and humanistic studies are, indeed, supposed to be antipathetic, and to represent opposing qualities; so that, it has become common to associate science with all that is cold and mechanistic, and to believe that the development of the more spiritual parts of man's nature belongs essentially to other departments of intellectual activity.

The relative influence of different studies on the formation of character, need not be discussed here; yet much could be said to show that the spirit of scientific research has inspired the highest ethical thought and action, as well as increased the comforts of life, and added greatly to our material welfare. Scientific investigation is not always undertaken with personal profit in view, and the discoveries jealously kept within the precincts of the temple, but are offered freely to the world;self help thus giving place to the higher attribute of help for others. This virtue, with the qualities of self-sacrifice, persistence, courage, duty, accuracy, humility and hope, may all be abundantly exemplified from the careers of men of science; yet such instances are rarely mentioned. From many countries and many times we can gather incidents and allusions which display the nobility of scientific aims, and can accentuate them with words of wisdom from biographies and writings of men who have devoted their lives to the extension of knowledge.

It is not a very easy matter to speak to an audience which includes the learned professional man and the energetic man of business, for what pleases the one may well weary the other. In fact, only two opinions are held regarding such addresses, and you may hear them all expressed as the audience disperses. One is: "There was nothing new in that," and the other, equally discouraging, "I didn't understand a single word." I am confronted with the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, but, if shipwrecked I must be, I prefer to meet disaster on the rock of over-simplicity.

When we think of chemistry and world progress our minds travel almost automatically to the factory, and we are disposed to dwell on the chemists' industrial achievements, for we are confronted with them on every hand. Even the noisy traffic of our street is a continual reminder that raw materials come from the uttermost parts of the earth to the chemical factories, there to be transformed into the materials that go into our pavements; and our skyline is dotted with chimney stacks, charging the very atmosphere of our cities with chemical fumes.

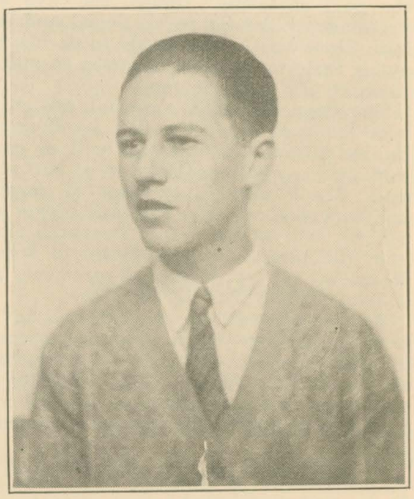
I wish, however, to deal with the small things rather than with the great, and to conjure up a picture showing how chemistry permeates into every nook and cranny of our complex civilization. Let us halt for a moment and consider where we stand—how in the simple and insignificant details which go to make up the routine of our daily life, in things which through their familiarity are ignored, we are today reaping a rich harvest which the chemist has sown.

As a means of emphasizing some small fraction of what we owe to chemistry, I have adopted as my introductory remarks the consideration of how far this science has entered into the beginning of the day's work when the average man prepares for the fray by the consumption of his breakfast.

It is a cheerful morning, his mind is undisturbed and alert as he takes his place. His eyes fall on the snowy whiteness of the table cloth. What satisfaction he gains as he realizes that its smooth whiteness is due to chemical bleaching and the colored border which fascinates his eye is dyed with products of the chemist art; made fast on the fiber by definite complicated chemical processes.

The solemn ritual of a glance at the daily newspaper claims his attention with the first course. He well remembers the time when it was not a daily issue, and cost a sum for which he could now obtain a reprint of last year's novel. Of the many factors which have contributed to this end, the one which most appeals to our chemist is his own work on paper pulp, and how cellulose, from the most diverse sources can be worked up to the milky suspension which flows over the frames in hundreds of paper mills all over the country.

The milk he uses brings to memory a long struggle when the analytical processes of the chemist were in their infancy,



This picture of Emile Boisvert was taken last summer. He is employed in Blanket Weaving and is pretty good looking, don't you think?

This is little Olive Collard taking her morning exercise. She is the daughter of Mrs. Marie Anne Petit Collard, formerly of Pepperell, and the niece of Marguerite Petit of Blanket Weaving.

and were being brought to bear on the question of food adulteration. It recalls those years of patient work which have resulted in one of the greatest steps in modern times—the recognition that Public Health is one of the foundation stones of national prosperity. And it is to the chemist that most of the honor is due for preserving the purity and safety of our food stuffs. There was once a day when the Biblical warning, "There is death in the kettle," might well have been uttered at nearly every breakfast table. The milk before our friend was at one time watered, deprived of its cream, mixed with starch and calcium sulphate, not to mention chalk, or polulted with so called preservatives. Now these adulterants are fairly easily determined, but before the analytical results have any meaning, think of the labor involved in standardizing the composition of average milk; the thousands of analyses, the investigation of the fatty constituents, the mineral salts and carbohydrates.

These considerations have flashed through the mind of our chemist, as he pours the milk over his porridge, in less time than it takes us to report his thoughts. The empty plate lies before him and the empty spoon is in his hand. No longer, he thinks, may men be sharply divided in two social classes, according as to whether they were born with a silver or horn spoon in the mouth. The hundred and one alloys he has discovered and the trick of electroplating have combined to provide all with silver spoons. Even the very plate before him has cost him some trouble, for he worked long and hard at complex silicates in order to restore at least some of the lost arts of the potter.

He chips the top off the egg, butters his roll, and pours out a cup of tea or coffee. The tea is well made. It ought to be good, for it is made from water which his own analysis has shown to be sound. He certainly has more faith in the purity of tea than in that of coffee. One of the old notebooks on the shelf proclaims that in coffee at various times he has detected chicory, roast wheat, beans, baked liver, sawdust and even Venetian red—truly, a formidable list. Not by any means does he maintain that tea is always unsophisticated—far from it. He has detected in it the leaves of nearly every plant which grows and he also found it doctored, with such additions as Prussian blue and lead chromate, but the food and drugs acts have driven home a lesson which has been learned most effectively, and prosecutions for adulterating tea are now rare.

But tea needs sugar, and as he holds the lump in the tongs he gazes at it and wonders whether its sweetness was gathered in the sunny South or in the more prosaic Western Plains. His store bill describes it as "cane sugar," but he has his doubts, for the lowly sugar beet might have furnished him this delicious morsel. Whatever its source he is content, for it is indisputably pure through his own work. An alluring substance, it is to him, for it is to this he turns when he can spare time to take an afternoon in pure research. How fascinating are these curving chains of carbon atoms, and how intricately are the two constituents, glucose and fructose, bound into one molecule. Many a time he has tried to synthesize cane sugar, and what matter if he has failed in this, for has he not, step by step, elaborated and improved the two great manufacturing processes, which compete today on terms of deadly rivalry. He has not much to learn in a process where 98 per cent of the theoretical yield is obtained on a scale where thousands of tons of material are manipulated.

But what a task it has been. The careful study of climatic conditions on the yield of the sugar cane was a trifle compared with the obstacles encountered with the sugar beet. Many were the difficulties in keeping the molasses down, in getting the sugar to crystallize in the presence of dextrins, in excluding invert sugar and the deliquescent traces of impurities. It was one long fight, but he triumphed only to find that he had created new economic difficulties which make the tariff question international.

True, he has no inclination for the rough and tumble game of politics. A sense of exactitude, and a love of truth and honor, possibly have kept him from the platform, but he feels it has not been for his own good or for the good of the world. Although many instances could be chosen to show how far-seeing the chemist might have been in practical legislation, commissions on industrial question, on education, and on one hundred other problems on which his opinion should be necessary have too often been formed without his help.

The meal is not making much progress just at present; let us turn our attention to the bread and butter. We were all thoroughly tired of war bread, when stern necessity made us more careful in our milling. Our friend the chemist certainly prefers white bread, now that he can have it, and if alum is excluded from it, but he does hope that the flour has not been given an overdose of nitrogen peroxide in bleaching, or doctored with the so-called improvers.

He is not one bit alarmed about the butter, for the butter substitute business is of his own invention. He has the margarine manufacturer working on sound lines in the selection of pure materials and in the control of the process. Every sample is now sterilized, the flavors introduced are natural flavors, produced in thermostatic chambers by the action of twelve distinct families of this lactic acid bacillus.

The meal is over at last. He pushes his chair aside and reaches over to the mantelpiece where rests his trusty pipe, which he fills with a loving care born of long experience. He has a busy day ahead of him, but there is still time for a smoke in front of the fire. The burning coals conjure up a picture of a mighty struggle and a still greater struggle that lies before him. He smiles as the panorama of some two hundred thousand compounds, derived from that aromatic smelling coal tar, flicker before him. This same tar, which for a hundred years was thrown away and nearly half of which is still thrown away in the United States, turns out to be one of the most useful things in the world. It is one of the strategic points in war and commerce. It wounds and it heals. It supplies munitions and medicines. The chemist puts his hand into the black mass and draws out all the colors of the rainbow. This evil smelling substance beats the rose in production of perfume and surpasses the honeycomb in sweetness.

The advantage of the artificial dyestuffs over those found in nature lies in their variety and adaptability. Practically any desired tint or shade can be made for any particular fabric. If my lady wants a new kind of tan for her stockings or her dress she can have it. Easter eggs and

(Continued next month)

Atten—shun! This is Andre Laliberte in his uniform, and he is all ready for war. Andre is a brother of Laurette Laliberte of Blanket Weaving.

# GOLD STAR SAFETY CONTEST---1 9 3 0

| 1930 | Jan. | Feb. | Mar. | Apr. | May | June | July | Aug. | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Biddeford | 4.6 | 1.0 | 1.6 | 1.5 | .5 | | | | | | | |
| Lewiston | 3.3 | 5.0 | 3.3 | 1.7 | 4.6 | | | | | | | |
| Fall River | 9.2 | 3.0 | 5.4 | 2.7 | 0.0 | | | | | | | |

## Contest News

The black horse is coming up! Fall River puts over a no accident month and wins the May gold star.

Biddeford, however, continues on at an excellent pace and wins second place or the red star.

Lewiston falls quite badly in the rear this month, but it is hoped that she will revive and make a real contest before the year is out

## Our Own Accidents

There were none at Fall River.

One lost time accident occurred at Biddeford and it was one of those personal accidents that everyone says can't be prevented. It just happened. A man while moving cards left his foot under the skid when it dropped off the roll. It may be true that it couldn't have been prevented, but if the man had been a little more careful he would have kept his foot clear. It is the same old story. A little care will prevent almost any accident.

There were three accidents necessitating loss of time at Lewiston; at least there were three persons injured who lost time.

One many dropped a shell on his foot and was unable to limp in to work the next day. This is one of those handling material accidents that cause more trouble than all others. Maybe the man didn't know how to handle this material, or maybe he wasn't frisky enough; at least, he didn't do it correctly for we all know that the correct way never results in accidents.

A woman in pushing a heavy pile of material away from her injured a muscle in her arm. Another case of handling material. Be careful when the pile gets heavy.

A man rising up from his work near a machine struck the machine and injured his ribs. The machine stayed right in position, but the man bumped into it. A lot of times machines get blamed for accidents of this kind and it doesn't seem just right. If it had been the dining room table at home the result might have been the same. Part of everyone's job in Safety is to have control over their actions.

## Infected Wounds

by C. O. Sappington, M. D.
Director, Industrial Health Division, National Safety Council.

Did you ever have a small cut on one of your fingers?

Of course you have. Cuts and scratches are inevitable in handling sharp tools, pieces of metal, wood or even paper. No one eq exempt from these injuries.

Usually these cuts will heal without any complications. Sometimes a slight local infection will occur. But—there is always the danger of serious infection extending to the joints, tendons and even an entire arm or leg, sometimes involving permanent crippling or even an amputation.

In normal condition the blood has amazing powers of resisting infection. But when in subnormal condition or when germs are introduced into the blood in too large numbers, infection is the inevitable result. No person can tell when he is in condition to resist infection, nor can he count the bacteria that may enter the

wound. Men who were apparently in the best of health have been disabled by infection.

There is only one preventive, and that is to get expert first-aid immediately. Delay gives the germs of infection a chance to multiply in the wound.

Most people realize the value of first aid. Every shop has first-aid facilities and no home is complete without an antiseptic. Amateur first-aid may be better than none at all and often it is the only kind available. On the job, every cut and scratch should be treated at the first-aid room. A doctor, nurse or trained first-aid attendant can do a better job than you or a fellow employee.

## Think Ahead for Safety

By Vern D. Sutton

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth I knew not where,
'Til a neighbor demanded a handful of yens
For slaughtering one of his prize winning hens.
I playfully side-slipped a small piece of wood
To land near the spot where a "goosey" guy stood;
I thought it would give him a dandy surprise—
He still can see well out of one of his eyes.
On top of the stepladder where I had been,
I lay down the snips and some pieces of tin;
The ladder was moved, 'twas in somebody's way—
He went to the hospital for a week's stay.
I left a long air hose coiled up in an aisle,
Intending to pick it up after a while;
A man came along and he took a neat slide—
He lost twenty days and considerable hide.
I took off a guard and adjusted a screw,
And hurried along other duties to do;
The fellow who works right along at that stand
Was paid compensation for loss of a hand.
I tackled a job slightly heavy for one,
I thought I would show them how such things are done;
I gave a big heave, felt a pain in the groin—
A rupture costs worker and company coin.
I had a small scratch that a handsaw had made,
It just didn't seem that it needed first aid;
'Twas lanced by the doctor and left a big scar—
But that beat the loss of the member by far.
I turned off the switch to repair a hot line,
But didn't tie on a safety sign—
My buddy is good at prone pressure resus,
And after an hour I was out of the muss.
I left off my goggles while chipping cement;
They're quite a discomfort, but now I repent;
Was kept in a room with closed windows and door,
But now I can see 'most as well as before.
I took a long drive without having care
To see that an opening let in some air;
What happened is more than I now can relate,
But death by monoxide was nearly my fate.
I started the freight elevator without
First being real sure that the boys were all out;
A pal was thus given a four-story fall—
His wife doesn't look good in mourning at all.
It's simply bad business with danger to flirt,
It's when we are thoughtless that someone gets hurt;
So, "Watch Your Step," "Safety First"; however said,
The nub of the matter is just think ahead.

## Congratulations

The recent appointment of Mr. Paul Groover, office manager of the plant for over four years, to the position of assistant agent was an item of good news to all Pepperell employees.

Mr. Groover was formerly with Mr. Whitehead in the South, and is thoroughly capable of handling the many problems of his new and important position. We extend to him hearty congratulations and best wishes for future success.

Teacher: "Johnny, to what class of animal kingdom do I belong?"

Johnny: "I don't know, teacher. Pa says you're an old hen and Ma says you're an old cat."—Pathfinder.

# PEPPERELL SHEET

## LEWISTON DIVISION

**The Lewiston Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford Division.**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HARRY J. VAUGHN

ASSISTANT
HAROLD E. LONERGAN

CARTOONISTS
CARL PROCTOR


### Gilbert-Dutil
### Two Popular Employees Participants in June Wedding.

On Monday, June 2, at St. Peter's Church was solemnized the marriage of Miss Generia Gilbert and Emile Dutil. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Ferir and the couple were attended by their fathers.

The honeymoon was spent in visiting Boston, New York, Washington and Philadelphia and on their return the couple will be at home at the home of the bride's parents on Pierce Street.

Mrs. Dutil has been employed in the Sheet Factory and is very popular among her fellow workers. Mr. Dutil is employed as receiving clerk in the Storehouse Dept. and is well known in athletic circles, having been a star baseball and football player on local teams. He is a prominent member of the Cercle Canadien.

Employees throughout the plant offer congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy married life.

### Davis-Rideout Nuptials

Employees of the Sheet Factory were interested to learn of the marriage of Miss Ella Davis, until a short time ago an employee of this department, to Erlon Rideout of Bath. The ceremony took place in Bath on May 17 and Rev. F. L. Littlefield, of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church officiated. The couple were attended by Mrs. Lester Davis, of Lewiston, a sister of the bride, and Carl Rideout of Bath, brother of the bridegroom.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Davis of Bath, while at the Bleachery she was very popular among a host of friends who wish her lots of luck. The bridegroom is employed at the Hyde Windlass Co. in Bath and the couple will make their home in the above city.

QUITE A GATHERING

Here we have Mrs. Mary Victor and her flock. Mrs. Victor is a former Sheet Factory employee who seems to be prospering.

### Former Employee Now Filling Station Owner

Bernard Ricker, a former employee of the White Folding Room, is now operating Ricker's Filling Station at the corner of Lisbon Street and East Avenue. He specializes in gas and oil, auto accessories and expert greasing and also carries a complete line of cigars, cigarettes and candy. Anthony Norton, a former Box Shop employee, is Mr. Ricker's assistant and this combination should prove a popular one.

## OFFICE ITEMS

The Davis Brothers, Bill and Denny, entertained at the Mill Men's outing which was held on June 14. The boys made their usual hit.

Mary Wade entertained her brother, John, from Schenectady, N. Y., on Memorial Day.

Edyth Thompson braved the waters at Peak's Island, on Memorial Day, for her first dip of the season. She found the water a little too cold for comfort.

Katherine Malloy has returned from a short jaunt to Pemaquid, where she visited with former schoolmates.

Deane Attwood has been enjoying the baseball games. He is a follower of all things athletic and seldom misses a contest of any kind.

Margaret Moore has returned from a short vacation which was spent at Long Beach.

Sylvester Brogan motored to Dillingham Hill on Memorial Day, where he visited several of his old comrades.

Tom Conley has become an adept house painter. He has turned out several jobs this season which have won him much praise.

Babe Lizotte, our office boy, will be a welcome addition to the Office Bowling team next fall. He seems to have the makings of a fine bowler.

Charlie Rowe, one of our greatest baseball fans, has not missed a game this season. He is always among the first to arrive at the park.

Kay Jackson has resumed her week-end trips to Old Orchard. She expects to complete her swimming course this summer.

Albert Marcotte has become a disciple of the rod and reel and all of his spare time is spent in fishing the nearby streams and ponds.

Although we haven't had much to say about Jerry Langelier lately, he is still fiddling around. His orchestra continues to delight patrons of local jazz emporiums.

## SHEET FACTORY SUGGESTIONS

We suggest a new vacuum in the Sheet Room. The one they now have shrieks and groans in pain and protest. Too bad they don't kill it and put it out of its misery.

WHAT A CUTE LITTLE GIRL

This young lady is none other than Gilberte Martin of the White Folding Room. Would you know her?

And incidentially—every one else's misery.

Boxing gloves for Florence and Aileen.

A chaperone for Lydia and Donald.

That the packer, the assistant packer and the super packer practice baseball with something else besides our bundles. As ball players—they make good ping-pong players.

That we have a water cooler on the first floor of the Sheet Factory. We miss the one we had in the old Sheet Factory.

## PAPERING ROOM PATTER

The girls (?) in the Papering Department are thinking seriously of hiring a detective to help them find tickets in the new ticket cabinet.

The Editor will give us "Hail Columbia" if we do not furnish news for the Sheet, and the girls and some of the boys give us Hail Columbia if we do. Can some one suggest a solution?

Eva Goff says it sure gets her goat to have some one ask to borrow her belongings especially when they inform her on returning the article that it is too much bother to dig under their bench for their own. She says she is willing to be accommodating but hates to be a sap. Have we quoted you correctly, Eva?

Tessie Allen says working this hot weather is her idea of nothing at all. Ours, too, Tess, but it would be "nothing at all," if we didn't work.

Ida Jacques says she wishes we'd let her alone. She is not looking for a man, so please take notice. This includes members of the male persuasion from seven to seventy.

Lucy Comeau has turned Farmerette. She says it is a great life, but the mosquitoes grow faster than the garden stuff and how they—the mosquitoes—can bite, and DO.

Florence Nelson has turned commuter, but we do not know to where nor from which, Bath or Durham.

MARIE ALBERTS

Marie is the 14-year-old daughter of Mrs. Annie Alberts of the Sheet Factory. Rather cute, don't you think

Arlene Nadeau says all men are liars but we know a little girl who can tell pretty good fish stories at times.

Imelda Daigneault is either robbing the cradle or leading a double life. Which is it, Imelda?

We wish Lennie would say cuss or something so we could tell the world about it, but, so far, she has given us nothing to tell. Be a sport, Lennie, and say, "Darn" just once. It pays to advertise, you know.

Medora Toutain says Augusta has gone stale. She prefers autos to the electrics nowadays. Has the conductor got a chauffeur's job, Medora?

Lydia Guilmet says it's a long time from Saturday noon until Monday morning. Why don't you invite him up to the house, Lydia?

A certain young man doesn't want his name mentioned in the Sheet. He says he does not care for newspaper notoriety. We're not telling who he is but this much we will say: "He is short and inclined to be noisy. Guess who?

A young lady on slips has informed Angie Lee and Blanche Sawyer that they are too fresh. We agree with you, B, but we must have news for the Sheet, though we all lose our friends.

We wonder why Elina Pelletier patronizes women barbers of late?

Mr. Baker asks us to tell the girls in the Papering Dept. that he thanks them for their assistance since the telephone was installed.

We have two new paperers whom we are glad to welcome. Hope they'll like us.

It was bad enough when the desk came, but since they installed the telephone—Nuff 'sed.

Donald Robertson recently enjoyed some very fine views of Scotland.

Dominique has started a new fad in what the smart young men will wear in the plant this season. He has been appearing in overalls this past week—We wonder if all the other men will adopt this new style?

We know one who will not—The dignity of the Papering Dept. must be upheld by "some one." (If it is possible to look dignified in a wilted collar.)

A certain young man passed through our Department a few days ago all dressed up—our thermometer reading 89 at the time. One of the girls could not help but ask why he did not remove his collar and tie when it was so warm. After scorching her with a glance, he disgustingly said that no one had ever seen him in the Sheet Factory without said collar and tie, and that he was not uncomfortable with them on. Not to be outdone, our fair co-worker said: "Some men never perspire above the shoulders; there is nothing there." We wonder if that is true.

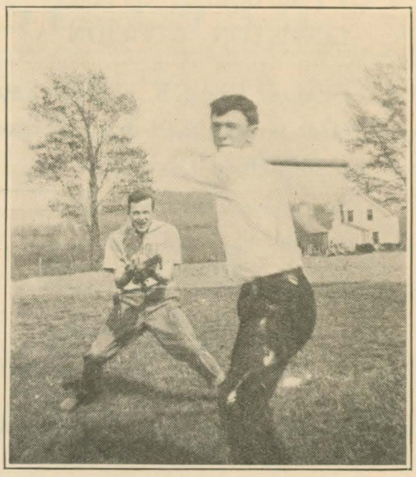
## PAPERING DEPT. FROLIC

Following is the program to be presented by the employees of the Papering Dept. at Merrymeeting Park, July 19th.

"Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," Entire Company
"Sweetheart, We Need Each Other," Aileen Nadeau and Florence Nelson
"Waiting on a Corner," Theresa Allen and Lena Pelletier
"Dig a Little Deeper,". Dora McGraw
"Budweiser's a Friend of Mine," Dominique Beaudry
"All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor," Donald Robertson
"Stein Song," Lennie Murtagh
"My Man's on the Milk Wagon Now," Elizabeth Trask
Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," Imelda Daignault and Thos. Crosley
A Scene from "Henry VIII," entitled "The King and the Clown," Albert Baker and Alcide Bedard
"Peek-a-Boo," Ida Jacques
"No Wedding Bells for Me," Lydia Guilmet
"Who Threw the Overalls in Mistress Murphy's Chowder?" Blanche Sawyer
A Short Talk on 'The Advantages of a Sun Shade," Medora Toutain
"All Coons Look Alike to Me," Eva Goff
Finale: "A Bicycle Built for Two," Entire Company

ROSE ALBERTS

Seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Annie Alberts. Rose is entertaining one of the neighbor's children.



BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Tom Norton, behind the bat, and Tim Driscoll about to sock one for a fare-thee-well. If he can hit one with the toothpick which he is swinging he will do well. Norton seems to be enjoying the situation.

### Those Affected by the Heat During the Recent Hot Spell

1. Lena Pelletier—She has shown altogether too much pep.
2. Blanche Sawyer—She went in for decorating Penco packages a bit differently. However, nine top tickets on a dozen sheets would never go, even if you could get them on.
3. Ida Jacques—Her appetite is not so good. She just can't eat, and Harold does make the nicest sandwiches.
4. Dominique Beaudry—He went in for overalls minus the shirt.
5. It certainly affected Imelda Dagneau. She was sent home in a 1930.
6. These girls were the hardest to be hit: Tess, Dora and Emma—The Gold Dust Trio. The Twins had nothing on these ladies.
7. Albert Baker—He came to work in knickers.

## PACKING-ROOM PICK-UPS

Joe Korykto was busy collecting after the Schmelling-Sharkey battle. Joe knows how to pick them.

Doc Ricker has lost plenty of weight during the hot spell. He says it just rolls off him.

John Finn spent his vacation at Buckley's Beach. He acquired a healthy tan while enjoying his daily dips into the ocean.

Joe Harkins, star shortstop of the Bleachery team, is also a member of the K. of C., the Eagles, the Pilgrims and several other well known teams. He has nothing much to do in his spare time.

George Thompson visited at Lakewood during his vacation. He made the acquaintance of several Broadway stage stars with whom he is now in communication.

Wally Finn motored to Portland last week where he attended a boxing show. Wally is a great fan.

Frank Nugent, the New Auburn strong boy, is playing a slashing game for the Bleachery Champions. His good work around the keystone sack has helped greatly in the team's success.

Bill Driscoll entertained recently at a meeting of the Eagles. His baritone voice was heard to good advantage in several

### An Ounce of Prevention

With the arrival of summer "in all its pristine glory", as the poets say, most of us take to the great open spaces sometime or other during this season. The ol' swimming hole once again comes back into its own, and the lure of the woods, the lakes and the seashore is irresistible, particularly for the family which has been confined to city quarters during the past twelve months. A few tips dropped into the ear of the "jay vacationer", however—and newspaper items show there are many members of this tribe throughout the country—may ensure a more pleasant and fruitful summertime for all.

For two weeks this last spring a widespread series of forest fires raged along the Eastern seaboard from Maine to Virginia, destroying millions of dollars worth of property, endangering the homes and lives of thousands of people, and being indirectly responsible for several deaths. It has been stated on good authority that cigarettes carelessly tossed aside into the dry leaves, and the cooking fires of picnickers which were thoughtlessly allowed to burn on after people had left the scene, were in the vast majority of cases responsible for the start of these destructive conflagrations.

To protect his own physical well-being and to insure that his outing will have beneficial results from a health viewpoint, the vacationer should observe a few simple rules. Sun baths, for instance, rarely do any harm when taken in small doses, and particularly when one readily acquires a coat of tan. But serious cases of sunburn, resulting from continued exposure of the skin to the direct rays of the sun, may result in any of the following:

Sunstroke.
Painful burns, even necessitating treatment in bed.
Headache.
Fever.
Freckles.
Permanent tanning of the skin.

The old saw that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" finds application here, as this prevention may be easily accaccomplished by:

(a) Covering the skin with a non-irritating cream before exposure to the sun—for those people, particularly women, who have a delicate skin and burn easily.

(b) Wearing appropriate clothing.

(c) Keeping in the shade as much as possible.

If you go touring or camping, watch the water you drink if you don't care to be on speaking terms with the typhoid germ. Abandoned wells and stagnant pools may convey typhoid infection. If in doubt about the water, boil it and then forget your worries. An injection of typhoid prophylactic treatment is often a wise thing to take before starting out on one of those cross-country jaunts.

Take a few elementary precautions and help make the summer season a more enjoyable one for all concerned, and a safer and more healthy one for yourself.

numbers.

Bullet Bill Wade lives close to the St. Dominique clubhouse and drops over quite often to assist in coaching the members of the baseball team.

Don Bryant has returned from Piscataquis county where he went as a delegate to the convention of poultry raisers.

Ed Quinn, a popular local clubman, has been spending a few days at Idlewilde. He plans a busy social season next fall and plans to be in excellent condition.

### MACHINE SHOP NOTES

Axel Neilson is spending his week-ends at Lake Annabessacook. It is rumored that the State has stocked the lake with fish three times since he has been there.

Jack Cronin is taking a much deserved rest after putting out numerous fires in the last dry spell.

Walter Cromwell is a newcomer in the shop.

J. Lacoursiere recently paid a short visit to Canada. So far as is known, he has felt no ill effects from the trip.

Pat Burke was a first nighter at the Empire Theatre several days ago. "Pat" is a swell looking fellow when he gets all dolled up.

Fred Gray recently got a bargain in a coat but doesn't dare to wear it when it rains. Sometimes, says Fred, they shrink, and how!

J. Bouchard admits he is late this year with his garden.

"Tim" Willehan made a short visit to Portsmouth, N. H., recently.

Although it looks as tho there are not to be any more league baseball games here this summer, the umpires say that it has been very easy so far. A. Lemieux hasn't been to many games.

### GREY ROOM GOSSIP

Francis King will journey to Lake Placid on July Fourth and will give an exhibition of sharpshooting for the summer colonists.

Charlie Sabalankas, the buttermilk king, enjoyed a buggy ride into town last Saturday night. He also attended the movies.

Fred Barbour has taken up his usual haunts in the City Park. He can usually be found in the vicinity of the fountain during the warm weather.

Pete Pelletier has not been playing with the Bleachery baseball team this season, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He has been pastiming with the St. Dominique outfit and he says he would like to perform against his former team mates.

Jimmy Galarneau takes a nightly dip in the City Park swimming pool. His form is said to be wonderful.

Frank Shufeldt made a flying trip to Lake Cobbossee recently, where he attended a meeting of the Fish and Game association.

Kid Renaud made a good catch of fish on a recent visit to Lard Pond. The Kid is an expert angler and always brings back a good haul.

Dick Joyce has been working out with the K. of C. baseball team and feels almost good enough to take a regular turn behind the bat.

Aime Brouillette has been enjoying the bathing at Lake Tripp. He claims there is something in the water there which is refreshing and invigorating. Wonder who put it in.

### AROUND THE YARD

Arthur Wood spent a recent week-end in Petit Canada. Arthur has lots of friends in this quaint old settlement who hail his visits with much pleasure.

Alphee Caron will spend his vacation at Riviere du Loup. He attended school at the Rivier du Loup Academie, where he graduated with high honors.

Teddy Bonneau, who swings a mighty wallop in either mit, has found it impossible to coax any of the Maine light heavies into a ring with him so is forced to retire undefeated.

Pete Sullivan motored to Boston for the Memorial Day week-end and renewed acquaintance with a lot of old familiar landmarks.

Lou Driscoll has become rather tired of hearing Fred Barbour talk about the piece of tobacco which the latter claims to have lost. He says if he hears much more about it he will buy Fred a plug out of his own pocket.

Fred Chandler was a guest at the opening of the Pine Tree league in Mechanic Falls. Some good baseball was displayed for the visiting firemen.

Tim Driscoll entertained some of the New England league ball players at his Lake Sabatis camp recently. Tim was a leaguer once himself and appreciates the tough life they have.

Dan Hagerty is making a collection of four-leaf clovers. He has found several in the vicinity of his back gate bailiwick.

### WHITE FOLDING ROOM

Jack Turner has opened his summer home at Strawberry Villa and invites any of his friends to drop in on him.

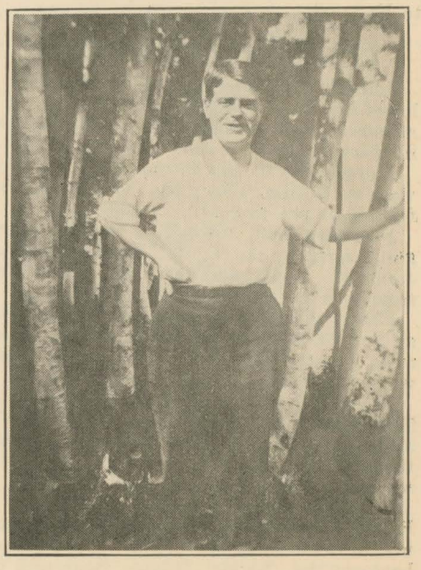
Gilberte Martin is surprised at the number of photographs of her which are in circulation. She says she doesn't know where they all come from but she does know that they eventually find their way into the Sheet.

Emma Bouchard has returned from a short visit to Lake Grove where she visited the Zoo and other points of interest.

Toby Joyce has been acting in an advisory capacity with the Bleachery baseball team, which may explain the success the boys have had on the diamond.

Florence Simard is planning to spend her vacation at Harpswell. This resort would not be the same unless Florence made her annual visit there.

Tom Meehan was in charge of the



JACK CRONIN

Jack will be surprised when he sees this one. Funny where they all come from, eh Jack?

WALTER LAMB

Walter is one of the most popular young men in the entire plant. He is employed in the Sheet Factory.

Eagle's degree team which initiated a large class of new members at Bath recently.

Mike Donovan, who at one time was one of the most promising young ball players in these cities, is threatening to stage a comeback with one of the local teams. After watching some of the younger generation perform, he claims he can beat them all.

Katherine Nezol attended the opening dance at the Pier in Old Orchard and reports a wonderful time.

Philip Sampson, who is a political factor in Ward Five, has been busily engaged in fixing his fences for the primaries.

Patsy Kelliher has his Pleasant Street Phantoms working in a double header at Norridgewock on July 4th. Pat will probably pitch one of the games which ought to be good.

## COLORED FOLDING ROOM

Johnny McKenna has been spending a lot of his time in New Auburn lately. It is rumored that he has been taking baseball instructions from Frank Nugent.

Mary Bonneau has returned from a short visit to Wilton where she visited several friends at the moccasin factory.

Pete Michaud pitched a no-hit, no-run game against the Little Canada Stars on June 14. His team, the Gas House Terrors, won by a score of 11 to 1.

Esther Crowley will spend her vacation at Orr's Island as the guest of Miss Anastasia Dewitt Schuyler. The young ladies were classmates at Bryn Mawr.

John Telesphore Nolin, the pride of Thornes Corner, has been making extensive alterations on his farm buildings. When they are completed he will have one of the most up-to-date farms in that locality.

Jim O'Kane has returned from a visit to Rhode Island. While there he had the pleasure of witnessing a baseball game played between the Rhode Island Reds and the Golden Bantams.

The Sewing Circle meeting for this month was held at Old Orchard Beach on Sunday, June 15. At noon lunch was enjoyed under the pier, each member having brought along a shoe box loaded with delicacies such as pickled limes, fried tripe, toasted marshmallows, spinach greens, sauer kraut and prune pie. After partaking of this appetizing repast a tour of the rides and attractions was in order with Esther Crowley acting as guide. One of the rides led through an unusually dark tunnel and the girls were told that young men were known to hide in this tunnel and hug the girls as they went through. The girls spent several hours at this ride but nothing happened. Having visited all of the attractions, the young ladies enjoyed a dip in the ocean, wearing for the first time their new bathing uniforms bearing the club insignia. These uniforms are made of jersey in a beautiful shade of taupe and are trimmed with orchid epaulets. The side stripe, which runs to the ankle, is of maize organdie and the sleeves are gathered at the wrist with a bow of cerise voile. All in all, it is a masterpiee of sartorial splendor and the girls attracted no little attention as they promenaded the beach.

In the evening the members returned over the road in a Cletrac sedan. Those in the party were Esther Crowley, Agnes Burke, Elizabeth Driscoll, Grace Cote and Mary Bonneau.

## Mother Goose of the Sheet Factory

There is a girl in our room
Whom we've thot wondrous wise.
The things she's done the past few weeks,
Have opened all our eyes.
She's acting up so flapperish
She's certainly quite giddy.
We're not mentioning any names at all,
But it sounds some like Lyddy.

Donald was a Scotchman
Who thot he was a Sheik.
He tried to kiss a girl one day
She biffed him on the cheek.

The boys are acting funny,
Coltish and quite gay.
But Eva says the cause is plain,
They've all been eating hay.

Blanche Sawyer sat near the wall
Blanche Sawyer had a great fall.
Not all of the women, nor all of the men,
Will ever get her to sit on that bench again.

There is a little man
No bigger than my thumb
Stand him near a packing case
And there he'll start to strum.

Angie, Angie, Bridgie's angry,
That's how the story goes.
You gave some news to Blanche one day,
She turned it into prose,
She sent it in to the Editor,
And into the "Sheet" it goes.

Little Al Baker, sat at his desk,
Making out slips they say.
He threw out his chest,
And said: "I'll be blest,
But I'll be a big man some day."

Tom, Tom, the son of a gun,
Nails up a case and away he'll run,
Leaves the case still standing there,
And how that does make Alcide swear.

Little Miss Toutain
Sat out in the rain
Back in the rumble seat.
Spooning away, the livelong day,
As she said, "Oh! ain't love sweet?"

Elina planted radish seed
It grew up into wheat.
That makes another item
For the Pepperell Sheet.

## Lady Pepperell Bowlers

### Feminine Pin Topplers Win Again

The Lady Pepperell girl bowlers who have established an enviable reputation in thin-pin circles throughout the State, motored to Augusta on May 5th where they added another victory to their list. After losing the first string by one pin, the girls came back strong to win the match by 66 pins. Gertrude Vaughn and Thelma Tracy were high for the Lady Pepps, with Miss Emery leading the Capital City girls.

The scores:

| Lady Pepperell | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Patry | 81 | 90 | 84—255 |
| Vaughn | 86 | 90 | 94—270 |
| Tracy | 81 | 97 | 92—270 |
| Bolduc | 95 | 90 | 79—264 |
| Totals | 343 | 367 | 349 1059 |
| **Augusta Girls** | | | |
| Overlock | 84 | 80 | 85—249 |
| Goodwin | 91 | 73 | 80—244 |
| Flinton | 79 | 75 | 95—249 |
| Emery | 90 | 89 | 72—251 |
| Totals | 344 | 317 | 332 993 |

## Baseball

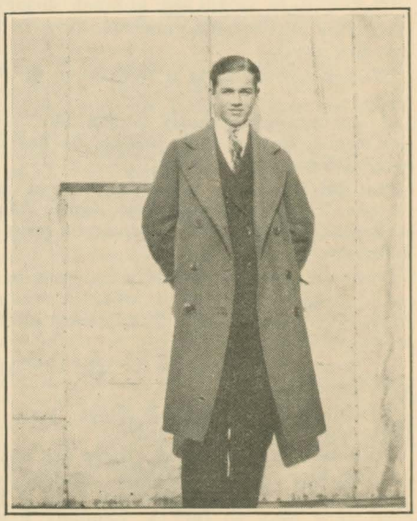
### Local Industrial League Season Opens with Bleachery Beating Cowan Mill

On May 19 the lid was pried off in the Industrial baseball league at the Athletic Park. The Bleachery ball tossers were in fine fettle and handed a 5 to 2 defeat to the Cowan Mill athletics. The boys looked good in their first contest and promise to make things interesting for the other teams in the league.

| Cowan | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gilman, 1b | 4 | 0 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| R. Matthews ss | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| W. Ricker cf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| W. Matthews, 2b | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| E. Matthews p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 |
| Thomas c | 3 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 1 |

HERE'S THE BABE

Delphis "Babe" Lizotte is employed in the office where he is a general favorite. How do you like him, girls?



| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| B. Ricker 3b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Landry rf | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Collins lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 27 | 2 | 5 | 21 | 8 | 3 |

**Bleachery**

| | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harkins 2b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Leighton c | 3 | 1 | 1 | 14 | 1 | 0 |
| Wessenger 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Nugent rf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hennessey cf | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Royer ss | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Goff 1b | 3 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Finn lf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Clements p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Totals | 28 | 5 | 7 | 21 | 5 | 3 |

Three-base hits, Wessenger and Hennessey; hit by pitcher, Matthews 1; base on balls off Clements 2, off Matthews 2; struck out, by Clements 13, by Matthews 6; umpire, Peterson.

## Bleachery, 2; Dingley Foss, 1

In a hard fought game which was played on May 21 on the Auburn Athletic Park, the Bleachery nosed out the Dingley Foss outfit by a score of 2 to 1.

Lefty Turcotte was on the mound for the Bleacherites and held the losers to 4 hits. Baum, the shoe team pitcher, also performed in a creditable manner, yielding but 5 hits—two of which were garnered by the rotund Lefty.

The boys showed improvement over their first game and bid fair to cop another Industrial League pennant. The scores:

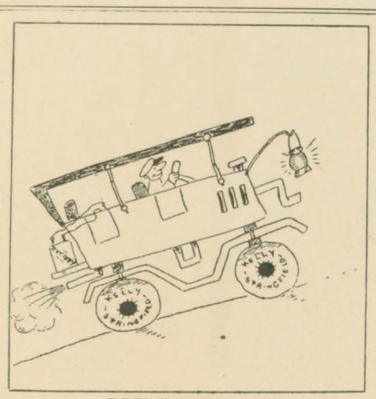
**Dingley Foss**

| | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Frechette lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| J. Levoie 2b | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Keenan 1b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| LeCombe cf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Baum p | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| F. Levoie 3b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Spruce rf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Verville ss | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Parker, c | 2 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 26 | 1 | 4 | 18 | 4 | 1 |

**Lewiston Bleachery**

| | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harkins ss | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Leighton rf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Wessenger 3b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nugent 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Hennessey lf | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Royer b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Goff c | 2 | 0 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 1 |
| Finn cf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Turcotte p | 2 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 22 | 2 | 5 | 21 | 5 | 1 |

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bleachery | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | x | —2 |



JOE BILODEAU
GOES CHUGGING ALONG

STEPHEN H. CROWLEY

Mr. Crowley needs no introduction to any of our readers. As assistant general manager of our concern he has a host of friends in the textile world. (Sketched by our artist, Henry Roy.)

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dingley Foss | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |

Two-base hits Leighton, Keenan, Turcotte ;stolen bases, Harkins, Leighton, Goff, F. Levoie, Hennessey; sacrifice hits, Royer; left on bases, Bleachery 7, Dingley 7; base on balls, off Baum 4; struck out, by Turcotte 7, Baum 8. winning pitcher, Turcotte; losing pitcher, Baum ;umpire, Fogg.

## Bleachery, 9; Andros. Electric, 3

On June 3 the Bleachery diamond warriors pinned a 9 to 3 licking on the Androscoggin Electric team. The boys played errorless ball with Goff and Nugent furnishing the fielding gems. At the bat, Barney Hennessy with a single and a triple led the way.

**Bleachery**

| | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harkins, ss | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Leighton cf c | 3 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Wessenger 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Nugent 1b rf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Hennessey lf | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Royer 2b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Goff c 1b | 2 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Gahagan rf cf | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Clements p | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Turcotte cf | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Finn rf | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 27 | 9 | 9 | 21 | 11 | 0 |

**Androscoggin Co.**

| | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Spinney 3b | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| W. Bank 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Morse ss | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 2 |
| Wing p | 4 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lawless cf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| F. Banks c | 3 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Cowan 2b | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Childs lf | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kenney rf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 28 | 3 | 9 | 18 | 8 | 3 |

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bleachery | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | x | —9 |
| And. Elec. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —3 |

Two-base hits, Spinney, Morse, Goff; three-base hits, Hennessey; left on bases, Androscoggin Electric 7, Bleachery 2; base on balls off Clements 2, off Wing 1; struck out by Clements 9, by Wing 9.

## How To Kill an Organization

1 Miss as many meetings as you can.

2 If you are a member, don't think of attending.

3 If you do attend, be sure to find fault with the officers and fellow members.

4 Decline all offices, as it is easier to criticize than do things.

5. Get sore if you are not put on a committee.

6 And if put on, fail to act.

7 If the chair asks for your opinion, be sure to keep silent, but later tell others what should have been done.

8 Do as little yourself as possible and when others roll up their sleeves to help things along, howl because the clique is running things.

9 Delay paying your dues as long as you can and delay answering all requests.

10 Never bother about getting new members, let George do it.

## Spring Tonics

Jackie Colpitts and his box makers, having taken Tanlac for a spring tonic and fgeeling full of pep, tried to rush the boxes up to the blanket room packers faster than they could take care of them. But the packing room boys put one over on them. They all took Flaxolyn and were so much speedier than the box makers that they would pack a box, nail it up. stencil it and then wait for a box and give Jackie and his crew the merry ha-ha.

By One of the Packers.

"Well, Pat, do the twins make much noise nights?"

"Praise be to hiven? Shure each wan cries so loud yez can't hear the other wan."

"A gent weighing about 290 pounds and a Ford car collided. The broken parts were one axle, two wheels and a thumb."

Fred Barbour is still looking for the man who stole his plug

# *Baby* PEPPERELL

## *Crib Sheets and Crib Blankets*

### *the two fastest selling lines in the popular price range today*

Concentrate your sales this season on Baby Pepperell. There is increased profit and volume in this attractive combination—Baby Pepperell Crib Sheets and Crib Blankets.

The Crib Sheets, for instance, now appear in a new and appealing Lucille Patterson Marsh designed baby package; the sheets themselves are fully styled in a wide range of white, solid colors and white with colored hems

The name Baby Pepperell is becoming as famous as Lady Pepperell. You can afford to push this sales leader – and it can afford to pay you well. Then Baby Pepperell Crib Blankets are just crammed with sales value. No other popular priced numbers have approached their success. The two new lovely pastel shades, orchid and gold, have sold and sold everywhere.

For styling, for popular sales items, for rapid turnover, these two famous numbers, Baby Pepperell Crib Sheets and Crib Blankets, both in individual purchases and in combination sales should lead your department to greater profits this year.

## PEPPERELL MFG. CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

*General Sales Office:* 40 Worth Street, New York

| Boston | Chicago | St. Louis | San Francisco | New Orleans |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 160 State Street | 222 West Adams Street | 915 Olive Street | 22 Battery Street | 628 Common Street |

*Mills at* Biddeford, Maine; Opelika, Alabama; Lindale, Georgia. *Finishing Plant at* Lewiston, Maine